

THE PIMENTA PANCAKES.

BY O. HENRY.

WHILE we were rounding up a bunch of the Triangles in the Prio bottoms, a projecting branch of a dead mesquite caught my wooden stirrup and gave my ankle a wrench that laid me up in camp for a week.

On the third day of my compulsory idleness I crawled out near the grub wagon and reclined helplessly under the conversational fire of Judson Odum, the camp cook. Jud was a monologist by nature, whom destiny, with customary blundering, had set in a profession wherein he was bereaved for the greater portion of his time of an audience.

Therefore I was mama in the desert of Jud's omniscience.

Betimes I was bestirred by invalid longings for something to eat that did not come under the caption of "grub," and then I asked:

"Jud, can you make pancakes?"

Jud laid down his six-shooter, with which he was preparing to pound an antelope steak, and stared at me in what I felt to be a menacing attitude.

"Say, you," he said, with caudal though not excessive shiver, "did you mean to throw that straight, or was you trying to throw the raft into me?"

"Some of the boys been telling you about me and the pancake racket?"

"No, Jud," I said sincerely. "I meant it. It seems to me I'd swap my pony and saddle for a stack of buttered brown pancakes with some first-class open-kettle New Orleans sweetening."

Was there a story about pancakes?"

Jud was mollified at once when I said that I had not been dealing in allusions. He brought some mysterious bags and tin boxes from the grub wagon and set them in the shade of the hackberry where I lay reclined.

He watched him as he began to arrange them leisurely and until their many strings.

"No, not a story," said Jud, as he worked, "but just the logical conclusion in the case of me and that pink-eyed smoozer from Mired Mule, Canada, and Miss Willilla Learlight."

"I was punching them for old Bill Toomey on the San Miguel. One day I gets all ensnared up in aspirators for to eat some canned grub that hasn't ever moored or landed or grained or been in peck measures. So I gets on my horse and pushes the wind for Uncle Emmsley Toofair's store at the Pimenta crossing on the Nueces."

"About 3 in the afternoon I walked into Uncle Emmsley's store. I got up on the counter and told Uncle Emmsley that the signs pointed to the devastation of the fruit crop of the world. In a minute I had a bag of crackers and a long-handled spoon, with an open can each of apricots and pineapples and cherries and green grapes beside me, with Uncle Emmsley busy chopping away with the hatchet at the yellow clings. I was feeling like Adam before the apple stamped, and was digging my spurs into the side of the counter and working with my twenty-four-inch spoon when I happened to look out of the window into the yard of Uncle Emmsley's house, which was next to the store."

"There was a girl standing there—an imported girl with fixings on—plundering herself by watching my style of encouraging the fruit canning industry."

"I slid off the counter and delivered up my shovel to Uncle Emmsley."

"That's my niece," says he: Miss Willilla Learlight, down from Palestine on a visit. Do you want that I should make you acquainted?"

"The Holy Land," I says to myself, my thoughts mulling some as I tried to run 'em into the corral. Why not? There was sure angels in Pales—why, yes, Uncle Emmsley, I says out loud. 'T'd be awful edified to meet Miss Learlight."

"So Uncle Emmsley took me out in the yard and gave us each other's entitlements."

"I never was shy about women. I never could understand why some men who can break a musket before breakfast and shave in the dark, get all left-handed and full of perspiration and exclaim when they see a bolt of calico draped around what belongs in it. Inside of eight minutes me and Miss Willilla was aggravating the croquet balls around as amiable as second cousins. She gave me a dig about the quantity of canned fruit I had eaten, and I got stuck at her fat-footed, about how a certain lady named Eve started her fruit trouble in the first free-grass pasture—Over in Palestine, wasn't it?"

"I says I as easy and pat as roping a one-year-old."

"That was how I acquired cordiality for the proximity of Miss Willilla Learlight, and the disposition grew larger as the time passed. She was stopping at Pimenta Crossing for her health, which was very good, and for the climate, which was 40 per cent hotter than Palestine. I rode over to see her once a week for a while; and then I figured it out that if I doubled the number of trips I would see her twice as often."

"One week I slipped in a third trip; and that's where the pancakes and the pink-eyed smoozer busted into the game."

"That evening, while I sat on the counter with a peach and two damsons in my mouth, I asked Uncle Emmsley how Miss Willilla was."

"Why," says Uncle Emmsley, "she's gone riding with Jackson Bird, the sheepman from over at Mired Mule, Canada."

"I swallowed the peach seed and two damson seeds, and I held the counter by the middle while I got off; and then I walked out straight ahead till I butted against the mesquite where my roan was tied."

"She's gone ridin'!" I whippers in my brand new, with Hirstone Jack, the hired mule from Sheepman's Canada. Did you get that, old Leather-and-Gallop?"

"That bone of mine went, in his way. He'd been raised on a pony and he didn't care for smoozers."

"I went back and said to Uncle Emmsley: 'Did you say a sheepman?'"

"I said, a sheepman," says Uncle Emmsley. "You must have heard tell of Jackson Bird. He's got eight sections of grazing and four thousand head of the finest Cotswolds south of the Arctic Circle."

"I went out and sat on the ground in the shadow of the store and leaned against a prickly pear."

"I never had believed in harning sheepmen. You wouldn't go to work now and impair and impair and impair, would you, that eat on tables and wear little shoes and speak to you on sub-lime word and a guess about the weather, but not stopping to swap contents. I never thought it was worth while to be hostile to a smoozer. And because I'd been lenient and let 'em live, here was one going and riding with Miss Willilla Learlight."

"An hour by the sun they come loping back and stopped at Uncle Emmsley's gate. The sheep person helped her off, and they stood throwing each other sentences all sprightly and sagacious for awhile. And then this feathered Jackson Bird, up in his saddle and raises his little stevedore of a hat and trots off in the direction of his mutton ranch. By this time I had unlimed myself from the prickly pear, and by the time he gets half a mile out of Pimenta I single foot up beside him on my bronco."

"I said that smoozer was pink-eyed, but he wasn't. His seeing arrangement was gray enough, but his eyelashes were pink and his hair was sandy and that gave you the idea."

"Afternoon," says I to him. "You now ride with an equestrian who is commonly called Dead-Moral-Certainty"



Jud Stood Over Me in a Menacing Attitude.

Judson, on account of the way I shoot. When I want a stranger to know me I always introduce myself before the draw, for I never did like to shake hands with ghosts."

"Ah," says he, just like that—Ah, I am glad to know you, Mr. Judson. I'm Jackson Bird, from over at Mired Mule ranch."

"Just then one of my eyes saw a road runner skipping down a hill with a young tarantula in his bill, and the other eye noticed a rabbit hawk sitting on a dead limb in a water elm. I popped over one after the other with my forty-five, just to show him. Two out of three," says I. "Birds just naturally seem to draw my fire wherever I go."

"Nice shooting," says the sheep man without a flutter; "but don't you sometimes ever miss the third shot? Elegant fine rain that was just week for the young grass, don't you think, Mr. Judson?"

"Willie," says I, riding over close to his palfrey, "your infatuated parents may have denounced you by the name of Jackson, but you sure melted into a twittering Willie. Let me show you this here analysis of rain and the elements, and get down to talk that is outside the vocabulary of parrots. That is a last habit you have got of ridin' with young ladies over at Pimenta. I've known birds," says I, "to be served on toast for less than that. Miss Willilla, says I, 'don't ever want any nest eggs. I'd give two years of my life to get the recipe for making them pancakes. That's what I want to see. Miss Learlight for,' says Jackson Bird. 'I haven't heard of a recipe for making them. It's an old recipe that's been in the family for seventy-five years. They hand it down from one generation to another, but they don't give it away to outsiders. If I could get that recipe, so I could make them pancakes for myself on my ranch, I'd be a happy man,' says Bird."

"Are you sure," I says to him, "that it ain't the hand that mixes the pancakes that you're after?"

"Sure," says Jackson. "Miss Learlight is a mighty nice girl, but I can assure you my intentions go no further than the gastro—"

"But he soon my hand going down to my holster, and he changed his similitude—then the desire to procure a copy of the pancake recipe, he finishes."

"You ain't such a bad little man," says I, trying to be fair. "I was thinking some of making orphans of your sheep, but I'll let you fly away this time. But you stick to the pancakes. I says I, 'as close as the middle one of a stack, and don't you go and mislake sentiments for syrup, or there'll be sifting at your ranch, and you won't hear it.'"

"To convince you that I am sincere," says the sheep man, "I'll ask you to take the pancake recipe. I give you my word that I'll never call upon her again."

"That's fair," I says, and I shook hands with Jackson Bird. "I'll get it for you if I can, and glad to oblige." And he turned off down the big pear flat on the Piedra."

"It was five days afterward when I got another chance to ride over to Pimenta. Miss Willilla and me passed a gratifying evening at Uncle Emmsley's. We was getting along in one another's estimation fine. Thinks I, if Jackson Bird can now be persuaded to migrate, I win. I recollect his promise about the pancake recipe, and I thinks I will persuade it from Miss Willilla and give it to him; and then, I catches Birdie off of Mired Mule again I'll make him hop the twig."

"So, along about 10 o'clock I put on a wheedling smile and says to Miss Willilla: 'Now, if there's anything I do like better than the sight of a red steer on green grass it's the taste of a nice hot pancake smothered in sugar-honey molasses.'"

"Miss Willilla gave a little jump on the piano stool and looked at me curiously."

"What did you say, they're real nice, that street in St. Louis, Mr. Odum, 'you lost your hat?'"

"Pancake avenue," says I, with a wink, to show her that I was not about the family recipe and couldn't be side-corrallied off of the subject. "Come, Miss Willilla," I says, "let's hear how you make 'em. Pancakes is just whirling in my head like wagon wheels. Start her off, now—pound of flour, eight dozen eggs, and so on. How does the catalogue of constituents run?"

"Excuse me for a moment, please," says Miss Willilla, and she gives me a quick kind of sideways look and slides off the stool. She ambled out into the other room, and directly Uncle Emmsley comes in in his shirt sleeves with a get a glass on the table, and I see a forty-five in his hip pocket. "Great post holes!" thinks I, "but here's a family thinks a heap of cooking recipes, protecting it with firearms. I've known

outfits that wouldn't do that much by a family feud."

"Drink this here down," says Uncle Emmsley, handing me the glass of water. "You've rid too far today, Jud, and you're overexcited. Try to think about something else now."

"Do you know how to make them pancakes, Uncle Emmsley?" I asked.

"Well, I'm not as apprized in the anatomy of them as some," says Uncle Emmsley; "but I reckon you take a sifter of plaster of paris and a little dough of saleratus and cornmeal and mix 'em with eggs and butter, as usual. Is old Bill going to ship beebes to Kansas City again this spring, Jud?"

"That was all the pancake specifications I could get that night. I didn't wonder that Jackson Bird found it up-hill work. So I dropped the subject and talked with Uncle Emmsley a while about hollow-horn and cyclones. And then Miss Willilla came and said 'good-night,' and I hit the breeze for the ranch."

"About a week afterward I met Jackson Bird riding out of Pimenta as I rode in, and we stopped in the road for a few frivolous remarks."

"Got the bill of particulars for them farjakes yet?" I asked him.

"Well, no," says Jackson. "I didn't seem to have any success in getting hold of it. Did you try?"

"I did," says I, "and I was like trying to dig a nail's dog out of his hole with a resam hull."

"I'm most ready to give it up," says Jackson, "but I did want to know how to make them pancakes to eat on my lonely ranch," says he.

"You keep on trying for it," I tells him, and I'll do the same. One of us is bound to get a rope over its horns before long. Well, so long, Jackey."

"You see," says I, "this time we was on the peaceful side of terms. When I saw that he wasn't after Miss Willilla I had more endurable contemplations of that sand-haired smoozer. In order to help out the ambitions of his appetite I kept on trying to get that receipt from Miss Willilla. But every time I would say 'pancake' she would get sort of nervous and fidgety about the eye and try to change the subject. If I held her to it she would silt out and round up Uncle Emmsley with his pitcher of water and hip-pocket howitzer."

"One day I galloped over to the store with a fine bunch of blue verbenas that I cut out of a herd of wild flowers over on Poisoned Dog Prairie. Uncle Emmsley looked at 'em with one eye shut and says: 'Haven't you heard the news?'"

"Willilla and Jackson Bird was married in Palestine yesterday," says he. "I just got a letter this morning. 'I let the news trickle in my ears and down toward my upper left-hand shirt pocket, until it got to my feet.'"

"Would you mind saying that over again one more," Uncle Emmsley says I. "Maybe my hearing has got wrong, and you only said that prime heifers was 4.80 on the hoof, or something like that."

"Married yesterday," says Uncle Emmsley, "and gone to Waco, Texas, and ara Falls on a wedding tour. Why didn't you see none of the signs all along?" Jackson Bird has been courting Willilla ever since that day he took her out ridin'."

"Then," says I, in a kind of yell, "you was all this gizzaroolla he give me about pancakes? Tell me that!"

"When I said 'pancakes' Uncle Emmsley sort of dodged and stepped back. 'Somebody's been dealing me pancakes from the bottom of the deck,' I says, and I'll find out. I believe you know. Talk up, says I, or we'll mix a handful of batter right here, then."

"I slid over the counter after Uncle Emmsley. He grabbed at his gun, but it was in a drawer, and he missed it two inches. You've got to get him by the shirt and shoved him in a corner."

"Talk pancakes," says I, "or be made 'em. Does Miss Willilla make 'em?"

"She never made one in her life and I never saw one," says Uncle Emmsley, "soothly. 'Calm down now, Jud, calm down. You're got excited. You're wound in your head is contaminating your sense of intelligence. Try not think about pancakes.'"

"Uncle Emmsley," says I, "I'm not wounded in the head except so far as my natural cognitive instincts run to run. Jackson Bird told me he was calling on Miss Willilla for the purpose of finding out her system of producing pancakes, and he asked me to help him get the bill of lading or the interventions. I done so, with the results as you see. Have I been dodged down with Johnson grass by a pink-eyed smoozer, or what?"

"Slack up on your grip on my dress shirt," says Uncle Emmsley, "and I'll tell you. Yes, it looks like Jackson Bird has gone and humbugged you some. The day after he went ridin' with Willilla he came back and told me and her to watch out for you whenever you got to talking about pancakes. He said you was in camp once where they were cooking flapjacks, and one of the fellows cut you over the head with a fry-pan. Jackson said that whenever you got overhot or excited that would hurt you and made you kind of crazy, and you would be raving about pancakes. He told us to just get you worked off of the subject and soothed down, and you wouldn't be dangerous. So, me and Willilla done the best by you we knew how."

"During the progress of Jud's story he had been slowly but deftly combining certain portions of the contents of his sacks and cans. Toward the close of it he set before me the finished product—a pair of red hot, rich hued pancakes on a tin plate. From some secret boarding place he also brought a lump of excellent butter and a bottle of golden syrup."

"How long ago did these things happen?" I asked him.

"Three years," said Jud. "They're lying on the Mired Mule ranch now. But I haven't seen either of 'em since. They say Jackson Bird was fixin' his ranch up fine with rocking chairs and window curtains all the time, and was getting me up the ranch, but the boys kept over it after a while. But the boys kept the racket up."

CLEVELAND ON FISHING.

Says That the Art of Angling Is Hereditary.

(New York Globe.)

"It may seem absurd to say that it depends upon one's parents whether one becomes successful as a fisherman," Mr. Cleveland said, smiling broadly the while. "But I assure you there's nothing absurd about it. In the fishing line more perhaps than in any other field of enterprise the parental influence must be taken into consideration. The fisherman is born, not made. For a long time I was under the impression that

the fisherman was made. But I discovered that he was nothing of the kind. The aspirant for fishing honors may buy, beg, borrow or steal the best rod that was ever turned out; may purchase the brightest and most musical reel that ever spun music as the line ran out; may invest in the best water-proof lines; may make his hat gay with the grandest artificial flies that were ever made; he may do all these things and many more, and yet be as far from the goal of his ambitions as ever. The fish simply refuse to rise, and his basket remains empty. And probably a dozen yards away a small boy sits with phlegmatic calm, armed only with a crooked hazel stick, a piece of string

and a 2-cent hook, and proceeds to snare the finny denizens of the stream with a rapidity that makes the older hand at the game with his elaborate outfit feel like '30 cents.' You may say that the boy has found a better spot. Not a bit of it. Change places with him, even use the same bait as his juvenile mightiness, and before you have had the ghost of a nibble that kid will have half a dozen beauties gasping upon the bank from the very spot where you fished for hours in vain. "When I was a boy I, too, could catch fish. My hand has now lost much of its cunning, but I am a pretty fair fisherman yet, notwithstanding. "I have no doubt that the art of

fishing is a direct survival of the ancient attribute of our prehistoric ancestors. We may be sure that the lake dwellers and all those dwelt by pond or stream were past masters in the art of catching fish with the most primitive implements. When, therefore, you find a small boy catching fish easily with a bit of string and a half dozen you may be sure you have struck a direct descendant of the ancient lake dwellers."

Cannot Be Overpaid.

(Hartford Times.) We don't know what salary Witte will receive as boss of all the Russias, but he is pretty certain to earn it.

FREED'S ROCKER SPECIALS!



Quarter-sawn Oak Rocker, cobbler seat, six spindles in back; very strong and neat. Price—**\$3.90**



Large Upholstered Rocker, seven spindles in back, upholstered in silk damask. Price—**\$3.80**



Large elegant Rocker, cobbler seat, polished. Price—**\$3.25**



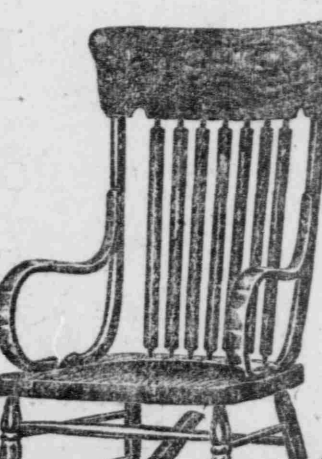
This beautiful polished Chair, nine spindles in back, five in side, polished seat. Price—**\$3.20**



Quarter-sawn and polished Rocker, cobbler seat. A beautiful piece for the parlor—**\$2.85**



One of the best values in the store, well finished and just the Rocker for solid comfort. Price—**\$2.60**



Handsome Parlor Rocker, cobbler seat, solid oak, neat and dainty. Price—**\$3.70**



This elegant Parlor Rocker, solid oak and polished. Price—**\$3.90**



Large Hotel and Office Rocker, braced arms, polished and made for strength—**\$2.55**



Solid oak cobbler seat Rocker. Price—**\$1.75**



This beautiful polished oak Chair; an elegant piece for the most elegant parlor—**\$3.65**



Very neat Sewing Rocker, flat spindle back, made for comfort. Price—**\$1.40**



BLOOD POISON

is the worst disease on earth, yet the easiest to cure. WHEN YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO. Many have pimples, spots on the skin, sores in the mouth, dizziness, falling hair, bone pains, catarrh, and don't know what to do. BLOOD POISON. Send to DR. BROWN, 18 to 40 East Third South Street, Philadelphia, Pa., for BROWN'S BLOOD CURE, \$2.00 per bottle. Last one month. Sold in Salt Lake only by F. C. SCHRAMM, First South and Main streets.

It has no quinine in it. 25 cents at druggists. BROMO CHEMICAL CO., Chicago.

It is the worst disease on earth, yet the easiest to cure. WHEN YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO. Many have pimples, spots on the skin, sores in the mouth, dizziness, falling hair, bone pains, catarrh, and don't know what to do. BLOOD POISON. Send to DR. BROWN, 18 to 40 East Third South Street, Philadelphia, Pa., for BROWN'S BLOOD CURE, \$2.00 per bottle. Last one month. Sold in Salt Lake only by F. C. SCHRAMM, First South and Main streets.

It has no quinine in it. 25 cents at druggists. BROMO CHEMICAL CO., Chicago.

It is the worst disease on earth, yet the easiest to cure. WHEN YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO. Many have pimples, spots on the skin, sores in the mouth, dizziness, falling hair, bone pains, catarrh, and don't know what to do. BLOOD POISON. Send to DR. BROWN, 18 to 40 East Third South Street, Philadelphia, Pa., for BROWN'S BLOOD CURE, \$2.00 per bottle. Last one month. Sold in Salt Lake only by F. C. SCHRAMM, First South and Main streets.